

CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

DEVOTED TO DOCTRINE, MORALITY, LITERATURE, AND RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

WE ARE AMBASSADORS FOR CHRIST... BE YE RECONCILED TO GOD.

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Original.

HASTE AND EXAGGERATION.

A DISCOURSE,

BY REV. E. H. CHAPIN.

"I said in my haste, All men are liars."—PSALMS, CXVI, 11.

By this confession, we understand that the Psalmist recalls the words which he uttered in haste, as the words of an unjust judgment; the only apology for which was a keen pressure of anguish. In this sense, these words correspond to language which, perhaps, we have often used, under circumstances much less excusable—not merely in our distress, but in our pride, our prejudice, and our passion.

Sometimes, it may be, such exclamations have been thrown out in jets of fury, with little regard to their meaning; and sometimes they have been selected because they mean a great deal, and because they cut so deep. But, in either instance, the mind was off its balance. We cannot envy him, therefore, who, in calmer moments, does not look back with regret and shame upon such language as the expression of *haste* and *exaggeration*. If we censure the man who is the sport of his own passions, and who, under their impetuous control, spins off such sweeping injustice; surely, we condemn him who afterwards stereotypes these molten judgments, and obstinately maintains in cool blood what he has said in hot, simply because he *has* said it. Exaggeration is bad enough, but it is mitigated by a frank confession; while deliberate and wilful *reiteration* renders it monstrous.

Yet, I repeat, the wrong in the first place is bad enough: and I propose, at this time, to enlarge upon the suggestions of the text, and, as a general topic, to discourse upon the *evil* of *exaggeration*—to call your attention to its spirit, which, in various forms, is quite prevalent among us.

I. Consider how prone we are to exaggerate in *ordinary conversation*. We talk much in hyperbole. Our colloquial vocabulary is thickly sprinkled with superlatives, which we employ with too little forethought. We use the first word that falls upon the tongue, to express our admiration, our wonder, or our hate. Now, it is not to be supposed that language must always be used with scientific accuracy. We need not, in every instance, shave it down to prosaic plainness, or render it lank and weakly for want of energy. Our sentences need not move with elephantine caution, or drop from our lips like bits of steel. We may lawfully employ all that lends real force to our argument, all that makes description more truly graphic. But the help of a metaphor, or the fitness of

an epithet, is a very different thing from the word that gives no real aid to our meaning, and that only inflates our speech. In the one instance we set forth the truth more vividly, we find an appropriate vehicle for the depth of our emotion, or a choice phrase that transmits the exact color of our thought; in the other, we misrepresent the truth; we overlay it; we detract from it; we smother it with sound. We style the most common-place splendor "glorious," and say, of a quite ordinary event, that it is "unparalleled"; our adversary is "the worst," and our friend "the best" of men; the weather is "the hottest," or "the coldest" ever known; our own place of residence is "the most beautiful" in the land, our own nation "the greatest" on the face of the globe. Now, these drawing-room and tea-table superlatives are not merely harmless. They deceive ourselves, and they deceive others. They are "idle words," not sincere speech: and I have alluded to them because they spring from and increase the spirit of exaggeration.

II. Consider how apt we are to exaggerate in the very way illustrated in the text—to magnify the faults of our fellow-men. We see this habit strikingly exhibited in our differences of opinion—in *political* or *religious* controversies, for instance. It is to be suspected that the vexed points of many a dispute, are almost entirely *exaggerated* points; and that often zealous partisans are engaged in fighting issues created or moulded by their own imaginations—threshing men of straw; when a few words of calm statement, and strict definition, would show them that they agree much more than they differ, and, in fact, substantially concur upon the very question about which they are contending. I do not affirm that this is *always* the case. No doubt upon some points there are radical disagreements among men. But we may believe that what I have suggested is often true. For men are not so enormously mis-matched in intellectual discernment, or in the power to apprehend simple principles, as to see a plain, substantial fact in entirely different aspects. Plain, substantial facts they do not often disagree about; but each contends with the other against a *supposed* fact, a fact which looms colossal and deformed through those mists of prejudice that are engendered in the darkness of mutual ignorance, and by the heat of passion.

Neither, by any means, do I say that these misconceptions are always innocent. Prejudice itself is not innocent, because it might be dispelled by investigation; and it is the product, not of intellectual inability, but of an unwilling disposition. But, moreover, and worse than this, there are some, it is to be feared, who make it their business to foment prejudices—who from purely malignant, or from selfish motives, distort the truth; who seize upon the inadvertencies and magnify the faults of others, who artfully pamper popular suspicions and play upon the popular mood, who touch the subtle springs of passion, and ring the changes with effective cant-words. So, the result they aim at is reached not by actually *creating* a lie, but by *constructing* one; weaving the fabrication so cunningly into the original fact that the unpractised eye cannot detect the seam. For the ideas and dispositions of those who are to be worked upon being thus, and the actual state of things being thus, all that is desired can be gained simply by exaggeration.

tion. In this way controversies spring up, passions are heated, tongues grow abusive, and men are alienated from their fellows, when the *real* difference would by no means generate such zeal. Pardon me if I refer, for an illustration of this, to the *political* field. If, in the heat of a party war, we heed the accounts on one side, we must suppose that the opposite side are plotting the destruction of all sound government, are seeking to trample the constitution beneath the feet of anarchy, and to overturn the fabric of our interests and our hopes. If we cross over, and lend an ear to the adverse party, we shall learn that those to whom we have just listened are busy in quenching the flame of popular liberty, are building up an hereditary aristocracy, and endeavoring to centralize all power in absolute despotism. These charges are proclaimed with all the emphasis of oratory, and all the prominence of capital letters. Old issues are resuscitated, unguarded words are stereotyped as deliberate opinions, musty incidents are ferreted out, isolated expressions are set in artful juxtaposition, merely to give a semblance of truth to these violent accusations; and the misrepresented party thus rigged out, is sent abroad like a spotted harlequin, to be denounced, jeered at, and buffeted through the campaign. Yet, all this is exaggeration—the hubbub of unscrupulous partizans; for what calm thinker supposes for a moment that the men on either side really seek the ends attributed to them, or that even the most selfish demagogue, who plays upon their antipathies and attachments, wishes to compass such results? Yet the object aimed at is attained—the zeal of party is roused—and the leaven of misrepresentation and abuse works wonders. But are any advantages that are thus secured, worth the moral fever, the rancor, and the lies which they induce?

Much more sad is it, however, to detect this spirit of exaggeration in *religious* controversy. I do not deny that there are great issues in debate between the Christian sects—yes, vital differences of opinion. But, how much of theological asperity, of holy horror, and of contempt, is the fruit of sheer prejudice, of deformed conceptions? Deceived by words, inoculated with false notions from others, neglecting to examine for ourselves, we think, perhaps, we are contending with an *Atheist*, or a *Pagan*, with a superstitious driveller or an impious scoffer; and know not that it is a *brother*, who, stumbling as he may be among the impediments of error, lifts his glistening eye to the same cross that we honor, and who, though he garners in his bosom what seem to us false opinions, holds them close to a heart that is warm with the love of God. In our haste, we pronounce him an “infidel,” a “fanatic,” a “liar.” Following up this impulse, we forge a travestie of doctrine, and call it *his*. We declaim against what we *think* he believes. Growing hotter with the passion of controversy, the clouds of misconception roll up heavier, our electric anger darts through them to and fro; and thus they who should travel charitably together towards heaven, though each holding firmly his own convictions, in the lurid smoke of conflict detect no common lineaments, and see in one another's faces nothing but error, wickedness and defiance.

Yet who, that has penetrated the inner life of *any* sect, whose soul has vibrated to the tone of their worship, and who has apprehended their practical ideal, does not feel that, heretofore, he has done them grievous wrong, and greatly exaggerated their errors and their faults? Yes, who that finds out the essential elements of the Christian Faith, the common experience of the Christian heart, the wide world over; who is there that discovers that divine life which all the sects are seeking, and that flows one deep, unbroken stream beneath all their symbols; who is there that detects the same holy Ideal expressed in the prayer of humility and the work of love, moulding the lives of solitary seekers, enshrined in the records of martyrs, shim-

mering on the faces of sculptured saints, animating the pulses of every communion; who that sees men of *all* creeds, gathering, like the disciples of old, around Christ, to listen to his “Sermon on the Mount,” and that hears the same “Lord's Prayer,” uttered beneath St. Peter's dome, and in the rudest church of the wilderness, rising on all the winds of heaven in tongues more numerous than those of Pentecost; who that espies these broken hosts of Christendom struggling upward through the same spiritual discipline, coming to the same living result, looking toward the same Calvary, and the same unsealed sepulchre; who that beholds all this, does not feel that much which has separated the followers of Jesus, and arrayed them against one another, and not only alienated them from a common spirit, but hidden from them the fact that they are rooted in a common Life, is *exaggeration*?

But the error of exaggeration may be seen not only in regard to *opinions*, but in our bearing towards those who have injured us. It is hard for us to conceive any good in one whom we consider our enemy. Equally difficult, perhaps, is it for us to disbelieve almost any evil respecting him. Because he has wounded our pride, or hurt our interest, or in some way come athwart our disposition, we cannot listen to any suggestions in his behalf. We pile up slight facts until they become huge indictments. We nurse our wrath, and it continually hatches false conceptions of his vileness. And our offended feeling is rapidly exaggerated into an inflexible hostility.

Again; there are those who, from a few instances of their own personal experience, fling out accusations against the *whole race*. They look upon the world with a jaundiced eye, and everything appears discolored. Their own spirits have been soured, their own hopes are disappointed, and so this earth is all “a vile, gloomy den.” Their own confidence has been betrayed, and so “there is no such thing as friendship.” They have found long-tried virtue fail at last, perhaps have felt it giving way in their own hearts, and so “there is no virtue.” They have been deceived, and, therefore, “all men are liars.” As Timon quit the gates of Athens, so, mentally, they quit the world, and hurl back curses over its walls.

And this is a mood which, though perhaps not common in its chronic form, many, upon occasion, will find themselves inclined to indulge. A fit of spleen, a momentary vexation, and, it may be, sometimes, a sense of their own frailty, encourages this misanthropy. It is not necessary to say, that it is all the exaggeration of disease. He who cherishes it must shut out from himself the beauty of the natural world, the varied loveliness of nature, the glory of mountain, and river, and dark old woodland, the splendors which overhang all this mystery of suffering and sin. He must shut out the exhibitions of generosity and self-sacrifice, the gleams of genuine virtue, the tender ministrations of love, which break out even from the most unlikely corner of humanity. He who darkens and denounces all this, is afflicted, I repeat, with disease, and is guilty of the worst exaggeration.

Once more, let me refer to the exaggerated view which we are apt to take, even of the wickedness of criminals, gross offenders against society. We are apt to consider merely the overt act, the superficial dimensions of the wrong, without estimating the causes that have combined to produce it, the motives that wrought with it, the force of circumstances. I would not urge any immoral fatalism, or anything that essentially extinguishes the fact of guilt. This, too, would be exaggeration. But it should be keenly impressed upon us, that no man is wholly vile,—that malignant relish for evil in itself does not dwell exclusively in any bosom—that broken as that temple of manhood may be, a gloomy ruin overgrown with the wild-brier and the nettle, and polluted with obscene symbols, yet, somewhere in the depths of that dark

heart there is a cathedral sanctity, there are echoes of memory like the faint vibrations of a Sabbath-bell, the flitting breath of holier thoughts, and the dim, struggling flame of better aspirations.

III. But, passing from that form of exaggeration which consists in magnifying the faults of our fellow-men, let me ask you to consider how often we indulge the same spirit in regard to *our own circumstances*. I allude now to the fact, that each is prone to overrate his own calamities. When the bolt of affliction falls upon us, is it not too common for us to feel as though no one else had ever been so sorely tried? Do we not dwell upon the severity of the dispensation, and probe the wound, and fix our eyes continually upon the dark side of the case? And yet, in every instance of this kind, is there not some mitigating circumstance? If we could examine with the eyes of filial faith, should we not detect some vein of good threading the tangled mystery? some good which would have come to us in no other way? And when the pressure of sorrow is heaviest upon us; when we are settling down in utter heart-sickness or beating against our bars with irritable complaint; let us lift up our eyes and look about us. Let us consider the sufferings of many others, compared with which our own are light—those who are born to pain, stretched upon the rack from childhood, simmering in dark and fetid dens, and who often rebuke our murmurs by their fortitude.

Again: how apt are we, in estimating our misfortunes, to forget our *blessings*! We overlook the abundant good that God has poured out upon us. We do not consider that the very keenness of our present sensibility to suffering, is a proof of customary peace and blessing. In that one night, or week of feverish pain, should we not remember the long years of uninterrupted health? In the smart of that aching limb, should we not reflect how regularly this curious organization has heretofore fulfilled its part, how every nerve has wrought in peace, and every joint moved without intimation of its existence, and that this anguish has for the first time revealed to us the beneficence of this physical economy, which has kept working for us so long and so gently? It we have lost a friend, even in the midst of our blinding tears, even in the desolation that shatters our very heart-strings, should we not consider what a blessing that friend has been to us, and the good that, in that dear gift, God has so long permitted us to enjoy—good, perhaps, for the first time realized by its absence? And should not thankfulness for what we have received, yea, for what we yet possess, mingle with our grief? Some morning, perhaps, we awake to sorrow. But, how many mornings have come to us buoyant with hope and happiness! Some night finds us sitting in desolation. But how many a night has closed around us with its starry legions no more thick than our mercies—with its profound shadow no more deep and blessed than our peace!

These suggestions sufficiently illustrate the tendency to which I allude—the proneness to exaggeration which so commonly prevails. They are enough to rebuke us, if, in any respect, we are given to this vice. Let us seek to adopt calm and correct views of things, and to hold in all our experience the balance and the even vision of justice. I would not be guilty of exaggeration in speaking against it. In my remarks upon conversation I have stated the proper qualification to the general rule. In nothing that we do should we lack a due appreciation of circumstances, or a proper zeal. But we shall secure these not by *over-estimating*, but by rightly estimating things.

IV. Before I close, however, one more point needs to be considered. I allude to the most prominent cause of exaggeration, which is suggested in the text. "I said in my *haste*, all men are liars." In this instance, then,

exaggeration was the fruit of haste; and I think we may say that it is so in most cases. For example, I have spoken of the effects of *prejudice* in our intercourse with our fellow-men. Yet what is prejudice, commonly, but a judgment blown up at first sight—the suggestion of an impulsive antipathy—the association attached to a particular set of words, to a name, or a misinterpreted action? How many of the prejudices which we entertain against others would vanish upon closer contact with them, and upon mutual discourse! And yet, the results of these hasty, unconsidered judgments are, as we have seen, the worst disputes, and the most bitter alienations.

So, too, when we have been offended by another, how apt are we to act upon the hot promptings of passion, rather than the cool conclusions of after-thought! And the view, perhaps, which ever after remains as our fixed view of the man with whom we have had a difference, is caught in a momentary glance of anger.

We have seen, too, that transient disappointment will sometimes darken the whole world of nature and of mankind; that the temporary indignation we cherish against guilt kills all the springs of charity and consideration, and that, in the keen pressure of our sorrow, we magnify its evil and overlook our blessings. These, then, are all results of *haste*. They teach us the need of calmer thought, of more patient and deliberative habits.

Indeed, the lack of this is, I think, a great want of our country and of our times. We are, emphatically, a *hasty* people. It is appropriate that we have chosen a *bird* for our symbol, something that flies, something that cuts the air with rapid and restless wing. It represents our speed, our untiring movement. We eat, sleep, worship, in the shortest possible time. We lay rail-roads in a few weeks. We build cities in a year. We dig up the stumps of primeval forests to put down pavements, and for fear posterity shall suffer for lack of room, achieve rapid conquests to "extend the area of freedom." We snatch as quickly as possible the excitement of the old world to mix it with the bubbling life of the new. We anticipate the steam-ship. We must feel the news the moment it strikes the continent; and the prices of European markets and the roar of European cannon, come jostling and booming together along the electric wire. We feed this national uneasiness with reform movements and steam-boat races, with the fever of politics and the fever of gold, until with all its marvellous enterprise, its vigor and its achievement, our American life is too much outside and public. We need to cool it with a little more sober and devout thought—to cultivate, as individuals, in this temptation of national tendencies, which is also a temptation of the times, a more silent, profound, *inner* life. Then, coming down from the watch-tower of meditation, we shall see whatever we encounter in a more equable light; we shall make our speech none the less forcible, but far more true; we shall regard opinions with more comprehensive toleration; we shall be less quick in our temper, more discriminating in our judgment of the world and of men, more humble and more hopeful.

Nor need we confound this salutary deliberation with vacillating or infirm purposes. I know there are crises which demand quick decision and prompt action, when haste is necessary; but, surely, the man who is best fitted for such emergencies is not the man who acts at random, and who sees through the lens of exaggeration. It is the man who has thought, who has fore-cast this very emergency, who is ready and efficient when it actually occurs.

Without this forethought, this sober preparation of mind, sheer haste in regard to anything is likely to plunge us into exaggeration. Truth and principle are the products of discipline, of patient thought and effort. Without these no quickness of wit, no intuition of genius, can

save us from error and from moral shipwreck.

Nay, even the great concern of *Religion* itself should not be with us a matter of haste. But, if we heed the claims which Religion has upon us, it can never be with us a hasty view, or an unconsidered impulse. The evil is that we do not deliberate upon it—we do not make it a subject of deep and serious thought. We either altogether neglect it as something which has no interest for us, or we lay hold of it convulsively, as a shield or a charm. We treat it either as atheists or as fanatics. Let it be eagerly, diligently attended to, but also calmly and deeply thought of, and we shall neither put it by, nor misinterpret it. Let us muse and the fire will burn; otherwise it may live transiently in our souls, like those plants that sprung up immediately "because they had no depth of earth." And it is not necessary to say that if Religion is a deep-rooted principle in our hearts we shall escape the influence and the guilt of exaggeration.

And, in closing my remarks, there comes up a thought in connection with what has just been said, and in connection with the general subject of this discourse. That thought is this—that of all the facts which men are prone to exaggerate, they are not likely to overrate the realities of the spiritual world. The infinite cannot be overrated. We cannot say too much of God, duty, immortality. But, although men cannot exaggerate these, they may and do exaggerate earthly, and thus depreciate spiritual things. They do exalt the temporal over the eternal, the body over the soul, the false over the true and the good. They do suffer the veil of flesh to shut out the glories of the spiritual world, and eclipse diviner splendors. They do give their thoughts, and hearts, and labor to the earthly and the perishing, as though there were nothing better. And this is the grossest and most fatal exaggeration of all.

Original.

"HOME AGAIN."

MESSRS. EDITORS:—In the Magazine and Advocate of the 14th inst., is an article under the above title, from which we learn that Br. W. H. W., of Albany, has just returned from a somewhat extensive tour which he has recently made in the northern section of this State. We are happy to learn that this journey has so improved his health as to encourage him to labor on with increased zeal in the good cause in which he has so long been engaged.

There are one or two expressions, however, in the article referred to, which I wish to notice, for fear that some of your readers who are unacquainted with Br. W.'s peculiar temperament may, very naturally, misconstrue, so as to make them betray a want of courtesy and civility in that gentleman. In speaking of the society at Watertown, he says, that it "has been supplied for a time past by a young brother of the name of Stewart." Of the church at the same place he says, it "looks gloomy and dilapidated—it will tumble down soon, and I almost hope it will do so before this article is read there." The peculiar construction of the former of the above quotations may induce some of your readers to suppose that Br. W.'s feelings and disposition were not of the most friendly and ingenuous character toward that brother "of the name of Stewart"; while the child-like simplicity of the latter might perhaps induce others to suppose that Br. W. has not yet arrived at years of discretion, or that he is fast "dilapidating" into a superannuated state. All or any of these conclusions would be exceedingly unjust towards Br. W., and cannot be adopted by any who are thoroughly acquainted with that gentleman.

We trust, therefore, that all will look upon these slight appearances of spleen, contempt and ill-humor, with that

charity which "suffereth long and is kind"; and that none will be disposed to impute them to any vile motive in him from whom they originated: but rather that they will attribute them to that very innocent propensity of the human mind, by which *grosser acts* are sometimes disposed of in a very summary manner, and the actor justified,—by imputing them to "an ungovernable impetuosity of temperament!"

Z. H.

Original.

OUR PROSPECTS IN ELLISBURGH.

BRS. HALLOCK AND LYON:—It is my design to state briefly, in this article, what are the condition and prospects of the society in this place; and also what they have been during the past four years, while I have labored with them. My commencement was at the close of the ministry of our late worthy brother Wilcox, whose untiring zeal had secured an interest which, we trust, has acquired additional permanence. A little upwards of a year ago, we organized a church, which now consists of forty-seven members. We have recently painted and carpeted our meeting house, which renders it very neat and comfortable. Our opposers, who have witnessed our prosperity, have looked upon us with a jealous eye; and some of them have not withheld expressions of contempt for us and our sentiments. The celebrated revivalist, Rev. Mr. Burchard, who resides at Bellville, three miles from here, has not been sparing in opprobrious epithets. As a specimen—after our first communion I was informed that he observed that "the Universalists had held a jubilee over hell." His exertions, of late, have been directed more against the doctrine than usual,—seemingly aroused by the circumstance of my having preached a funeral sermon there. Much pains, as I learned, were taken by him to prevent the people from attending on that occasion. Stationing himself upon the side-walk, he told those whom he thought he could influence to go home, and not go and listen to infidelity. Notwithstanding his efforts, we had a large and attentive audience, to whom we dispensed the words of life and peace. This seemed to excite his indignation, and he declared he would prepare a discourse to instruct his people better than to countenance such heresy. But a number of his congregation, including a member of his church, preferring not to hear it, came to listen to the doctrine he so much despised and deprecated. Therefore, we think his efforts to destroy Universalism, will tend more to its advancement than overthrow.

We have also met with opposition from the Methodist preacher of that place, who took the opportunity, at a recent camp-meeting, to misrepresent a portion of the funeral discourse above alluded to, though he had not the courage to come and hear it himself, but took the report of others. After closing his remarks upon the stand, I arose, and requested the privilege of rectifying the misrepresentation. To this the presiding elder replied, "We have no controversy here."

In our quiet village, there is but one society besides our own, viz.: the Methodist. During the last two years we have dwelt in peace and friendship, as becomes Christian denominations. The Methodist society has recently removed its church into the village, and are about repairing it. We cherish the highest respect for its members, believing that they are well-wishers to the cause of religion, and that there are none who would knowingly promote error. We hope that this friendship will continue, that the cause of Christianity may be honored, and God be glorified.

L. RICE.

Let it be thy delight to go from one good turn to another, yet ever mindful of God.

Original.

CONFERENCE AT FORD'S BUSH.

According to previous advertisement, there was a Universalist Conference in the Universalist Church at Ford's Bush, Minden, Montgomery Co., N. Y., on Wednesday and Thursday, the 19th and 20th ult.

On Wednesday morning, the church was crowded with an attentive congregation, when a good discourse was preached by Br. C. M. Patterson, and in the afternoon, Br. E. Francis, of Utica, and Br. Bartlett, of Fly Creek, preached. In the evening, a conference meeting was held at the Church, when addresses were delivered by Brs. Anderson, Bartlett, Patterson, Francis, Snell, and Layman.

On Thursday, there were four sermons delivered, by Brs. J. H. Philleo, N. Snell, E. Francis, and Bartlett. At this Conference, the above named preachers not only set forth the doctrines of Universalism, but they enforced the practice of them as essential to the growth and prosperity of that heaven-born sentiment. Several of the preachers dwelt at length, and with much power and earnestness on the evils and oppressions which afflict mankind. The few who, in this country, persist in trampling upon the prostrate rights of men of a different color, received a withering rebuke. The "sunny south" where the cotton plant whitens the fields with its soft and downy fibre,—the rice swamp, and the sugar plantation, where millions famish, and bleed, and die, were contrasted with the freedom and immunities which the free States enjoy. Mercenary ministers of the Gospel, tempted by cupidity, and legislators who aimed at popularity, instead of exerting themselves to elevate down-trodden humanity, should have been at this Conference, where they would have learned that wealth and power, when acquired at the expense of the brain, blood, flesh, and muscles of suffering man, must, at last, "sting like a serpent, and bite like an adder."

Nor did the rumseller pass unnoticed! He who selfishly puts the cup of poison to the lips of creatures God hath made; and does what he can to degrade the species to whom he belongs, regardless of human life and happiness, received significant hints of the baseness of his calling. The guilty wretch was dragged forth from behind his counter, and held up to the gaze of a wondering audience, as not only greatly blame-worthy, but as one likely to be among the first that would be called to appear before the "bar of God" in a future state of existence, if the dogma of Partialism should prove true.

Neither did the supine believer in Universalism pass unrebuked. In other words, the man who says that he believes in his heart that all men will ultimately be saved from sin and death, and be made holy and happy; and yet takes no real interest in, nor makes any exertion at all to help forward that cause, which has the elevation and sanctification of the entire race of man at heart.

"He that taketh not his cross and followeth after me, is not worthy of me." The doctrine contained in these words was very ably discussed by Br. Bartlett. What constitutes a true follower of Christ? Is it he who believes in the doctrine of God's unbounded grace, passively? or he who believes in this delightful sentiment, and actively engages in doing good unto all? It is, evidently, he who sees through climate, cast, condition, and country, and beholds the Divine lineaments in the face of every one he meets, and does all he can to assert the sovereignty of the individual man, and the sovereignty of mankind.

Upon the whole, this was one of the best Conferences I have ever attended in the Empire State. Several "Goliaths" of Universalism were specially invited, but they

did not attend, though their presence would have been hailed with pleasure. For once, the young "Davids" were permitted to carry through a Conference themselves, and they did it effectually, as all who were present will testify. The cause of Universal grace was advocated fearlessly and candidly. No shirking! No trying to receive popular applause! No "hiding a candle under a bushel!" No "seeming like one that beateth the air!"

The Church was crowded to overflow. Aisles, seats, and galleries were filled both days. The Universalists at Ford's Bush, Minden, Montgomery Co., gave the assembled multitude a hearty welcome—great provision was made for man and for beast. Many hearts were doubtless made glad. The choir sang gloriously—the weather was delightful. And now, let Universalists everywhere awake, and "go and do likewise." A. G.

Sept. 22, 1849.

Original.

MINUTES OF THE CHENANGO ASSOCIATION, FOR 1849.

Met in Columbus, Sept. 5th. Organized by choosing Br. R. Case, Moderator; and Br. T. L. Clark, Clerk. United in prayer with Br. Hobbs.

The Standing Clerk reported that there had been three Conferences held during the past year, in the following places, viz.: Colesville, Smithville, and Upper Lisle.

The Committee on Discipline reported no complaint;—report accepted. Committee on Fellowship and Ordination reported that Br. S. E. Darrow, of Upper Lisle, asks the fellowship of this Association;—report accepted, and a letter of fellowship granted to Br. Darrow.

Voted, Brs. G. C. Lamb, J. L. Sherburn, and E. J. Lyman, Committee of Discipline. Voted, Brs. B. S. Hobbs, J. Stevens, and T. L. Clark, Committee on Fellowship and Ordination. Appointed Br. E. A. Tillotson Committee of Adjournment.

Voted, To admit the Society of Sherburn into fellowship with this Association.

Appointed Brs. T. L. Clark, B. S. Hobbs, clerical, and J. Shattuck and R. Case, lay, Delegates to the next State Convention. Br. J. T. Goodrich, expecting soon to remove from this Association, resigned his office of Standing Clerk. Voted, That his resignation be accepted, and that we return our united thanks for the able and satisfactory manner in which he has performed the duties of that office. Voted, That Calvin Cole, of Oxford, be the Standing Clerk of this Association. Voted, That Br. T. L. Clark preach the next Occasional Sermon.

Whereas, The Clinton Liberal Institute is as far under the influence of the Universalist denomination as it can be, and receive its share of the literature fund from the State; and whereas, it is conveniently and pleasantly situated, and possesses advantages far superior to Academies generally, for the attainment of useful knowledge, therefore

Resolved, That we recommend it to the attention and support of our friends, and that we pledge ourselves to use our best endeavors to raise the necessary funds for the promotion of its prosperity, and permanent endowment and support.

Voted, That E. S. Lyman, B. S. Hobbs, and T. L. Clark, be a Committee to appoint Conferences.

Whereas, Our beloved brethren, J. T. Goodrich and C. L. Shipman, who have labored so long in this region, and whose untiring zeal, powerful talents, and religious deportment have endeared them to so many hearts, are about to leave this field of labor for another, therefore

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the Societies which they leave: and, while we regret their de-

parture from our midst, we most cordially commend them to the kindness and confidence of the people of their new homes, and to all, wherever God in his providence may call them to minister.

Five sermons were preached during the meeting, by the following brethren, in the order of their names: A. Peck, (occasional,) J. H. Harter, J. Potter, D. S. Morey, J. A. Bartlett, and T. J. Sawyer.

Delegates present—C. L. Shipman, J. T. Goodrich, B. S. Hobbs, A. Peck, G. S. Palmer, J. Sherburn, T. L. Clark, clerical. J. H. Reynolds, M. Delong, Columbus; R. Case, S. D. Sabin, Smyrna; J. Stevens, D. S. Buck, South Bainbridge; A. Ross, J. F. Gleason, Preston; G. P. Sibley, E. A. Tillotson, Smithville; J. Shattuck, H. Wilcox, Oxford; E. S. Lyman, J. Sherburn, Sherburne; lay.

Visiting brethren present—T. J. Sawyer, J. A. Bartlett, J. B. Gilman, D. S. Morey, C. S. Brown, C. F. Dodge, J. H. Harter, J. Cargill.

REMARKS.—We had a glorious meeting. The weather was pleasant, and the congregation large. Our Columbus friends made every necessary preparation for our reception, and most cordially did they welcome us to their hearts and their homes. The sermons were calculated to encourage the Christian to new zeal and energy, and to call back the prodigal wanderer to duty and to God. The occasion will, we trust, be long remembered, as a season of sweet refreshing from the presence of the Lord. The business of the Council was transacted with the utmost harmony and brotherly affection. Our hearts were made glad by the intelligence we received from the different parts of our Association, proclaiming the general prosperity of our blessed cause. The removal of our much beloved and highly esteemed brethren Goodrich and Shipman, will be deeply regretted in this Association. But we hope and pray that their places will be filled by faithful brethren, who may prove equally useful in our Master's cause. Brethren, one and all, our prospects are bright and cheering before us. Let us awake, then, and put on the armor of truth, and fight the good fight of faith; and never cease our labors until the last vestige of bigotry, superstition and sin is driven from our land.

R. CASE, Moderator.

T. L. CLARK, Clerk.

LETTERS FROM REV. T. CLAPP.—NO. IV.

New Orleans, Aug. 29, 1849.

REV. N. S. FOLSOM:

Dear Sir,—In your paper of the 18th inst.,* the seventh verse, second chapter of Romans is declared to contain an *explicit and absolute statement* of the terms on which the happiness of a future state will be bestowed. I am compelled to doubt the correctness of the interpretation which you have given of this passage. Your remarks, as I understand them, are based upon the position, that the original word rendered immortality in the verse just mentioned, is employed by the apostle to signify that state of endless and perfect happiness beyond the grave, which is usually denominated heaven. No doubt you are well aware, that some able expounders are inclined to the opinion that the term has really the same meaning here, which it bears in the 24th verse 6th chapter of the Ephesians. In this text, it is represented by our translators to express the sincerity or incorruptibility of Christian love. According to this interpretation, the apostle promises "life to those who seek for honor, glory, and holiness incorruptible."

* There is an allusion here to an article which has escaped our notice. In the No. of the Register from which the above is taken, the editor excuses himself from answering Mr. C. on the ground that he has not leisure for that purpose, as he is engaged in moving.

Others think that the term immortality in the passage before us, has the force of an adjective qualifying the substantives "glory" and "honor." Then it would read thus: "To them who seek for true unfading glory and honor," &c. The same divines give to the phrase "eternal life," the peculiar signification which it has in John 5, 24; 17, 3, &c., where it simply expresses the peace and blessedness enjoyed on earth by those who obey the precepts of Jesus.

The judgment spoken of in the 16th verse 2d chapter of Romans, it is thought by many has no reference to a future state of retribution. Every Biblical student knows that the Greek word rendered *day* in this passage, was of frequent use in the age of the apostles to denote the Christian era—the reign of Christ on earth, or what is commonly called the Christian dispensation. According to this mode of interpretation, the thoughts and reasoning of the whole chapter are simple, natural, consistent and harmonious with the general predominant teachings of the New Testament. Were it not for the two words *immortality* in the seventh and *day* in the sixteenth verse, all commentators, I think, would have concurred in the opinion that the entire contents of Romans second chapter relate to the scenes, duties, joys or sufferings of man on earth, not in eternity. Such were the stupidity, pride and ignorance of the Jews whom Paul addressed in this portion of sacred writ, that they imagined themselves superior to all the Gentiles, merely on account of their genealogical descent, and scrupulous observance of the rites and ceremonies prescribed by Moses. The apostle attempts to undeceive them by showing that the principles of Christianity reduced all mankind to the same humbling level of weakness, guilt, and dependence; that in Christ Jesus, neither circumcision nor uncircumcision availeth anything, but a holy heart and life. In the compass of a short epistle, it is not possible to offer for your consideration a critical and thorough elucidation of this chapter. My object now is simply to suggest some of the reasons which constrain me to believe that there is not, in the second of Romans, a single clear, absolute and indubitable reference to a state of retribution beyond the grave. Yet I most firmly believe in such a retribution.

But I have a still stronger objection to urge against your interpretation of second Romans, seventh. It is a solemn announcement to the world, that eternal happiness will be bestowed upon the children of men on the principle of reward for their *well doing* in the present life. I often hear it asserted in conversation and in the pulpit, that the Unitarians do not depend on Jesus for salvation; that they expect to gain everlasting happiness by their *own merit*, or *well-doing*. When such remarks are made to me in the social circle, I am in the habit of presenting quotations from your eminent writers, in which they affirm that Unitarians maintain the doctrine "that eternal life is the vast, unbounded and unmerited gift of divine mercy;" that "men can do nothing as meritorious or efficacious to procure salvation;" that "man of himself is nothing; that he owes all to his Maker, life, breath, soul, and mind, and might, forgiveness through Jesus, repentance, piety, hope, and unending happiness," &c. I have seen Presbyterians listen to these quotations with great apparent surprise, and exclaim, "If this is Unitarianism, we have no objection to it." Now, dear sir, allow me to ask, have I misapprehended the views of your church with regard to this particular doctrine? Do any of your ministers teach that the good works of Christians, performed in this world, merit an endless reward of happiness beyond the grave? Then, it seems to me, they cannot consistently proclaim the doctrine that salvation is all of grace—a free gift—and not a remuneration for *well doing*.

It is admitted by clergymen of every name in the Uni-

ted States, that sinners can never enter the kingdom of heaven. Respecting this point, there is no controversy. For heaven is nothing but a wise and holy state of mind. It seems to me ridiculously absurd to talk about the salvation of sinners, irrespective of their characters. For the salvation of a sinner simply consists in making his character good and holy. All agree that not one of the human race can be saved until he becomes holy. But then, no finite holiness can entitle us to a seat in the mansions of everlasting glory. Dr. Franklin some-where remarks that there is an infinite disproportion between any amount of human merit and the reward of eternal happiness; that to anticipate endless joy as a return for our well doing here, is as absurd as it would be to expect the bestowment of a splendid fortune for the giving of a cup of cold water to a thirsty traveler.

Besides, with the exception of our Lord Jesus Christ, no one of the human race has ever led a perfect holy life. Perhaps there never was a better man than Dr. Channing. Yet he tells us he was a sinner; that he had not advanced in the path of duty with an unfaltering step; that he had not been always true to God and the dictates of his own mind; that he had cause for humble acknowledgment, and that a sense of unworthiness before God should form a part of every man's tone and feeling. Surely, every Christian must perceive the beauty and truth of these observations. If I understand the principles of the gospel, the best man living and the greatest reprobate, are equally dependent for salvation upon that infinite and unmerited grace which Jesus has revealed for our hope and encouragement. I do not mean to intimate that they are equally prepared to die. O, no! To depart from these transitory scenes in the possession of such a character as that of Channing, is a blessing whose dimensions no finite mind can grasp—no words describe. On the contrary it is a calamity vast and inconceivable, to die unprepared; to go into eternity, to learn by personal experience what is the nature and duration of the discipline which awaits the finally impenitent in "that undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveller returns."

Truly and affectionately yours,

T. CLAPP.

CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1849.

NEW YORK EVANGELIST AND UNIVERSALISM. NUMBER II.

In his second number, Mr. Warren professes to "exhibit" the Universalists' view of inspiration, and by a skilful arrangement of several quotations from Br. S. R. Smith's "Causes of Infidelity Removed," detached from their connection, and interlarded with comments of his own, endeavors to make it appear that we do not believe in the inspiration of the Bible. He says:

"The essential fact in regard to the Scriptures, is that of their inspiration. 'All Scripture is given by inspiration of God.' 'Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.' But this important doctrine Universalism discards."

Never was there a more unjust representation; and the writer knew it was false when it passed from his pen; for he could not read the work from which he quotes and make this statement in ignorance. If he had said we do not hold the same view of the inspiration of the Scriptures that he does, this would have been

correct, but he says "Universalism discards" the truth that, "Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost"—denies the inspiration of "the volume of the Scriptures,"—is as wide of the truth as one could well go. True, we do not believe *every word* between the lids of the Bible is inspired of God; and this idea is perfectly absurd. Was the serpent inspired when he said, "Ye shall not surely die?" When "Job's Comforters" spoke "the things which were not right," and for which they were reproved by God, were they inspired? Was Paul inspired to direct Timothy to bring him the "cloak left at Troas, and the books, but especially the parchment?" Was he inspired when he wrote to the Corinthians, advising them to remain single and unmarried? (See 1 Cor. vii. 8.) No; he expressly says, "I speak this by permission and not by commandment." v. 6. Now, because we do not believe in inspiration in such cases, are we justly accused of discarding the Bible as an inspired Book? Does Mr. Warren himself believe it is all inspired, including the Family Record?

Universalists believe the truths contained in the Bible; but inspiration was not necessary to state *all and every one* of those truths. We believe in inspiration in all cases where it is necessary. But, says Mr. Warren:

"Who, pray, shall be the judge of this necessity? Mr. S. thinks it is demanded in one place, and not in another; and somebody else may think directly the reverse. Who shall decide in this case? Why is not a new revelation needful, to say precisely what has divine authority and what has not? As it now is, every one is left plainly to his own judgment respecting it—in other words, that, and that only, is inspired to him, which he chooses to think so."

Well, what great mischief is done, if an individual differ from Mr. W. concerning the inspiration of certain parts of the Bible, if he believe *them to be true*? Is a man to be condemned as an Infidel because he does not believe the Evangelists were inspired to record things of which they had a perfect knowledge aside from inspiration, while at the same time he believes their record is true? If so, the ranks of infidelity are to be largely increased, and that too, by the addition of men who have hitherto stood high in the Christian calendar. What does Mr. W. think of denouncing as Infidels, T. H. Horne, D. D., author of Horne's Introduction, Archdeacon Paley, Dr. McKnight, Prof. Thurlock, Joseph Neander, and a host of others, who are regarded by all Christians as burning and shining lights in the world? Away with the bigotry which would proceed to such lengths! Any journal deserving the Christian name should be ashamed of sending such things out into the world.

We will here "exhibit" a specimen of Mr. Warren's manner of quoting Universalist Authors:

"Such is the Universalist theory of inspiration—a theory which, so far as it respects the divine authority of the *written word*, is no inspiration at all. Moses and the Prophets, Jesus and the Apostles, and others were, indeed, appointed to do and declare certain things, and what they thus did and said, is, so far, inspired; but the narrative of all this—the *volume of the Scriptures*, is entirely the work of men, no more dictated by the Spirit of God, than any volume of profane history. Such inspiration, Mr. S. affirms, (p. 102,) 'in some cases, could not be necessary, in others, it would not be credited if asserted; in some, it is expressly disavowed, and it is in no instance required.'"

No one can misunderstand the aim of the above paragraph. It represents Br. Smith, and through him the Denomination of Universalists, as saying that inspiration "is in no instance required" by the writers of the Bible, that "the volume of the Scriptures is entirely the work of men," to use Mr. W.'s own language. Compare this with what Br. Smith does say.

"From these facts, it appears that it is sufficient for all the ob-

jects and requirements of Christian faith to believe that the great principles and doctrines of truth contained in the Bible were given by the inspiration of God, and that those persons who were made the instruments of their revelation to mankind, were also *inspired for that purpose*. But the Christian need not maintain the inspiration of every part—every word of the Bible. Because in some cases it could not be necessary—in others it could not be credited if asserted—in some it is expressly disavowed—and it is in no instance required.” How different is this from the representation of our author above!

In concluding our remarks on this head, we would observe, that Universalists reverence the Bible as an inspired volume—not that every word was dictated by Heaven, but that the great principles contained therein, are divinely true, and that those who recorded them were influenced by the Holy Spirit in their work. All the representations of our enemies to the contrary are false and slanderous.

Mr. Warren, in his third number, speaks of the views which Universalism teaches in respect to the “nature, character and moral relations of man.” He represents Universalists as being divided into two classes, one of which holds “that man as he now is, never does enter eternity; that soul and body are both mortal, and become alike extinct at death; and that the future man is wholly a new existence, created in the resurrection, and having no connection with the character and actions of the present state.” The other class of Universalists are said to contend that, “sin pertains exclusively to the body. This is the theory of Ballou, and a numerous class of his disciples, who, conceding the existence and immortality of the soul, cut off still all connection between character here and hereafter, by making sin to be wholly corporeal. Its principal positions are, that sin originates in the body alone, that the mind is never contaminated by it, and that it wholly ceases at death.”

Rev. Walter Balfour, of Charlestown, Mass., an excellent man, a good Christian, and a devoted Universalist, holds that at death man becomes unconscious and will so remain till the resurrection, though this is the first time we ever heard that he believes the future is to be “wholly a new existence, * * * having no connection with the character and actions of the present state.” He may hold this so far as the idea of retribution is concerned; he does not believe men are to be rewarded or punished in the future state for their conduct here; but this is very different from the above representation, though certainly as nearly correct as could be expected from one who commends M. H. Smith.

Br. Balfour has very few who sympathize with him in his views of the unconscious state. There is not, probably, another clergyman in the denomination who agrees with him on this subject; indeed, we do not know a single layman who holds to his views. We respect him as a man and a Christian, but we reject his peculiar opinions as cold, cheerless and unfounded in truth. Surely, the denomination should not be held responsible for them.

Under the second head, there are quotations from several authors, to prove that Universalists maintain “all sin originates in the body only,” and is confined exclusively to it—that the mind is never contaminated by sin. The truth in reference to this matter is, we hold, what is evident to every reflecting mind, that sin is the consequence of *temptation*. Surely, if men were never tempted to do wrong, they would not do it; for all act under the influence of motives. And all know that temptation generally comes through the senses. But no one has authority to represent it as the sentiment of the denomination that “all sin originates in the body only,” much less that it is confined

exclusively to it. Because a few individuals among us entertain such views, it does by no means follow that they are generally held among us. For ourselves, we have no doubt that the mind does often consent to sin, that it is frequently employed in planning schemes of iniquity, and partakes largely in guilt. Yet we do not believe that when the spirit passes into another world and is free from the temptations to which it is here subject, it will be disposed to do evil. There, surrounded by holy influences, it will be attracted to the love and practice of holiness. Thus “sin will be finished, transgression ended, and an everlasting righteousness brought in.”

These ideas prevail very extensively in our denomination, and are evidently sustained by the word of God. St. James says, “Every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lust and enticed. Then, when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin; and sin when it is finished bringeth forth death.” Such is the origin of sin as stated by one divinely inspired. And yet says our author:

“This view of the origin of sin is but a revival of the long exploded Gnostic heresy, which taught the inherent corruption of matter, and made it the source of all evil. It is a doctrine now prevalent among many of the systems of heathenism. Ballou may find brethren in this faith among the worshippers of Brahma and Boodh, and to be equally consistent with them, should, like the Hindoo mendicant, betake himself to his bed of spikes, or some other mode of self-torture, to weaken the power of the body, and emancipate the soul from its corrupting influence. Sin is made by this doctrine, not a moral but a physical evil, and for its cure, needs not the sanctification of the heart by a spiritual influence, but the renovation of the body by some ‘matchless sanative,’ or other grand panacea for the various ills which flesh is heir to.”

If “Ballou may find brethren in this faith among the worshippers of Brahma and Boodh,” Mr. Warren may find brethren of his own faith in endless misery among the same people and among all the savage nations of the earth. The doctrine accords well with their customs of hating and torturing their enemies. In the conclusion of the above paragraph our author tries hard to be witty and excite a laugh at our expense. It is a pity that his “matchless sanative,” of endless misery had not taught him better than to “bear false witness against his neighbors.” Because men are tempted by the lusts of the flesh to the commission of sin; “sin is not a moral but a physical evil, and for its cure needs not the sanctification of the heart,” &c. Any person of ordinary discernment, can see that this no more follows from St. James’ account of the origin of sin, than from Mr. Warren’s, that we are seduced to sin by a great fallen spirit—an implacable enemy who successfully defies the Almighty, and will forever lead captive the vast majority of those for whom Christ died.

But, according to our view, the heart may be so strengthened by divine aid as to resist the power of temptation, rise superior to its influence and pursue the way of Divine wisdom. H. L.

BR. WILLIAMSON'S NEW WORK.

JUST PUBLISHED—SERMONS FOR THE PEOPLE, by Rev. I. D. Williamson. We are now ready to supply orders to any extent for this invaluable work. It contains fourteen sermons on the following subjects: Characteristics of the Gospel; the Gospel Finished; The necessity of Revelation; The Incarnation of the Word; Authority; Miracles; Necessity of Faith; Universal Peace; The Dominion of Man; The Kingdom of God; Obedience the source of Exaltation; Agur's Prayer; Uncertainty of Business; Joy in Heaven.

These discourses are in the author's best style, and are full of interest to all the friends of liberal and consistent religious truth. We trust many thousand copies will soon find purchasers. Price 50 cents.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

Time is not only rapid in its flight, but so far as it regards each human being, of short duration! How many generations have passed from the stage of action. They have succeeded each other like the waves of the sea. When in health and successfully pursuing our plans, we think that this world is enough—that its honors and pleasures and riches are all we can ask, and we seek them as though there were no higher good. But what a change comes over our feelings, when we think of the princely merchants that have gone down to the grave, of the honored rulers that have passed away from their high stations, of the gay and fashionable that have thronged the palaces lighted up with splendor and pomp, that are no more. They lived for a day, and then vanished like the passing cloud. "Our life is no more than was theirs. The breath of existence which we breathe, is the same as that breathed ages ago in Babylon, and Edom, and Nineveh. Our prosperity which so elates us, is no more than that which lighted up the homes of those living in cities that centuries since were buried in the dust." And should we then be satisfied with it? Should we be content with what is so fleeting, so uncertain?

A recent traveler has given an account of the immense Catacombs of Paris, which no one, I am satisfied, can read without saying that life is but a vapor. The stone for building one part of the city was obtained from quarries under it. Something less than a century since, it was proposed to convert the excavations into a receptacle of the dead; and in a short time the proposition was carried into effect, and the remains of the millions that had passed away during ten centuries, were removed to those subterranean abodes which were separated into different apartments. The traveler and his party descended to them by a shaft of ninety steps. They followed their guide about twenty minutes and came to a strong door, each side of which was ornamented with pillars of Tuscan architecture. This door was open: and as the party passed the threshold, the strangers found themselves surrounded by walls of human bones, which the glare of their tapers shewed to lie regularly piled up from the floors to the roof of the quarries. The bones of the legs and arms are closely laid in order, with their ends outwards; and at regular intervals, skulls are interspersed in three horizontal ranges, disposed so as to present alternate parts of the head, and sometimes a single perpendicular range is seen, still further varying the general outline. Passing along what seem to be interminable ranges of these piles of human beings, they came to several apartments arranged like chapels, with varied dispositions of the piles of legs, arms and grinning skulls. How new, how strange, remarks the author, were the associations of the place. "Over our heads was rolling the vast tide of life in the gay and wicked city—its myriads of inhabitants were jostling each other on the high roads of business; while here were the remains of four times their number, lying in silent and motionless piles in the depths below."

Such is life—a momentary good. It has high responsibilities—various and arduous duties—yet we stay but a moment for their performance! We are passing away—passing away. Parents are passing—husbands and wives are passing—children are passing. There are times when we feel that such is the case. We feel it when in the chamber of sickness—we feel it when in the house of mourning—we feel it when standing in the congregation of the dead—we feel it when we ask for the companions of our youth!

But though our present life is thus brief, our future life is endless. This mortal must put on immortality. In heaven there will be no cessation to our joys. Our life and bliss will be

co-existent with the life of God! How enrapturing the thought. As we reach, one after another our blissful home, we shall be greeted by those who have preceded us, and welcomed to a world where bliss, and communion, and praise will be eternal—where ties are not sundered—where hearts never weep, and clouds never hang over us.

"Immortal! ages past, yet nothing gone!
Morn without eve! a race without a goal!
Unshortened by progression infinite!
Futurity forever future! life
Beginning still where computation ends!"

This is our state! What then, though our life is but a hand's breadth? What though we live but a moment longer than the fleeting insect? What though we die in youth, or early manhood? What though we are taken from a cheerful, pleasant home? To us, it is nothing—nothing. To die is gain. It is to exchange an imperfect for a perfect state. We lose no time, and though we are separated from high and holy joys, we are admitted to those which surpass all we here have, as much as perfection surpasses imperfection.

G. A. S.

CALVINISM AND GOOD MORALS.

"The late Sir James Mackintosh, a man thoroughly conversant with history, and little open to the suspicion of religious prejudices and partisanship, has the following remarks on the effect of Calvinistic teaching upon the morals of the people.

"The Calvinistic people of Scotland, of Switzerland, of Holland, and of New England, have been more moral than the same classes among other nations. Those who preached faith, or, in other words, a pure mind, have always produced more popular virtue than those who preached good works, or the mere regulation of outward acts."—[Journal, July 17,

We clip the above from a late number of the "New York Observer," a Calvinistic paper of this city.

It is evidently an attempt to commend Calvinism in its waning downward tendency. Who are "the Calvinistic people of Scotland" &c.? It is an acknowledged fact that in "New England" original Calvinism has but very few advocates; it is not now preached or believed in its primitive character in New England; and to talk of its making people "more moral" is entirely gratuitous. Dr. Porter, former President of the Theological Seminary at Andover, has said, in one of his Books, [Homiletics], "No argument, however specious, can convince a man that he is guilty for what Adam did 6000 years ago and on the other side of the globe," thus discarding the notion of imputed sin and guilt.

This is Anti-Calvinistic, and if it were necessary, we could show that the leading "orthodox" sects in New England have dissented and departed from Calvin in many other points as far as in this.

We doubt whether the "Observer" is prepared to defend or promulgate the doctrines of John Calvin on election and reprobation, the atonement, the descent of Christ into the region of the damned, &c. Why then does it attempt to make its readers believe that the preaching of Calvinism has produced such morality among the people. Will "the Observer" tell us where Calvinism is preached? We are quite skeptical as to the propriety of associating "Calvinism with good morals," even if it were preached in its original, terrible identity; and as it is not thus preached, "the Observer" need not claim for it any superior moral power.

B. B. H.

VALUABLE ACCESSION.

Under this head the Star in the West notices the conversion to Universalism of Daniel S. C. M. Potter, who intends to devote himself to the work of the ministry in our denomination.

"THE DEVIL'S SIEVE."

Such is the title of an article that appeared in a late number of "the Christian Advocate and Journal," the leading Methodist paper of this city. The Devil is represented in this article as having a sieve by which he empties one of all his Christian graces, and even his innate good qualities. The writer says:

"When the Devil gets any one into his *sieve* he soon sifts him of all virtue, and leaves him a mere mass of refuse. Faith, penitence, prayer, church going, reading the Scriptures, a tender conscience, the fear of God, horror of gross sins, love of the species, self-respect, character, influence, peace of mind, and hope for the future—all, all escape from the man in this sifting."

The question naturally suggests itself, how even the Devil himself can sift so much out of a totally depraved being, one who in the language of the creed "is *wholly* defiled in all the parts of body and soul." Surely, if this be true, if mankind by nature are thus depraved, it is not required that they should be shaken in the Devil's sieve; they are a "mere mass of refuse" already. We might inquire also, what becomes of our free agency" in this affair? This is a powerful organ in the view of the Christian Journal. It can resist God, successfully oppose his will, and defeat his plans and purposes. Free-agency! why it can climb to heaven or perversely sink to hell in spite of the "infinite atonement," the operations of the Divine Spirit and all the combined powers of a triune Jehovah. Yet it would seem, the Devil can control it, and does most fearfully and effectually. The writer says:

"Observe a class of young members of the Church, who were once simple-hearted and zealous Christians, engaged in all the benevolent movements of the Church, in their appropriate sphere of action. They were actively engaged in the Sabbath-School, the distribution of Tracts, sewing associations for the purpose of clothing the naked, or raising funds for the missionary cause. But where are they now, and what is their prevailing tendency? All these objects have become to them uninteresting, and the round of duties which they once pursued with such heart and perseverance has become mere drudgery.

They have been in the *Devil's sieve*—and their graces and virtues have been thoroughly *sifted out*."

It must be a matter of great rejoicing to the Devil that he has so much more power over "free-agency" than God has. What a suitable instrument has the Deity put in the hands of poor mortals, by which the arch fiend can accomplish his unholy purposes. The fear of an endless hell, the influence of the Church, the warnings of "God's people," the voice of conscience and "free agency" are all of no avail against the Devil. He gets the young and the old, church members and ministers into his sieve, and all their graces and virtues depart as chaff before the wind. It is worthy of remark here that notwithstanding much has been said about the immoral tendency of Universalism, "The Devil's sieve" does vastly more mischief than this reputed heresy. No one will suppose that the "simple-hearted and zealous Christians" alluded to above had their "graces and virtues sifted out" by a faith in Universalism. The writer does not intimate, nor could he show his readers that there is anything demoralizing in the faith that sin is odious and produces misery; and that goodness brings its own rich reward. But the "Devil's sieve" does the mischief. The writer of the article before us tells us where this "sieve" is found. In "the splendid saloons in Broadway, and the taverns, houses of entertainment and hotels," he says this sieve is in operation. In "the theatres, Operas, Circuses," &c., the Devil is sifting his victims. "Novels, dancing, parties, games of chance," &c., he classes among the elements which constitute "the Devil's sieve."

Now we have no disposition to deny that in all the places and the practices named by the writer there is wickedness, corrupting, debasing sin against God and his laws. But we object to

the mode in which these evils are presented. We do not charge these sins to the Devil and his sieve in the writer's sense of this term. The dissolute, the licentious and the ungodly, in our judgment, are operated upon by quite different influences from those presented in the article under consideration. It may be common for wicked men to excuse themselves, and offer some palliation for their iniquities by pleading the mighty influence of the Devil and his sieve. But let them not lay their sins on such a being. "From whence come wars and fightings among you? come they not hence, even of your lusts that war in your members?" James iv. 1. "For from within, out of the heart of man proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornication, murders," &c., Mark vii. 21, 22. We have no faith in the Journal's "Devil and his sieve," and if the writer before us will attempt to prove there is such a being as he intimates, we can show from the Scriptures that the Devil and his works will be destroyed. There is one other suggestion we think worthy of the writer's notice. If free agency can be overcome by the Devil, and if it forms no obstacle in the way of his fearful "sieve," cannot God save all men, notwithstanding their "free agency?" If the Devil can sift out all that is good and pure in a man without violating his moral freedom, may not Jehovah implant holy principles and pure thoughts and all the elements of filial obedience without violating the human will?

B. B. H.

THE SABBATH.

We have received a long "Circular" written by J. W. Morton, Missionary of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, in which he states his change of opinion in regard to the Christian Sabbath. Mr. Morton says:

"My sentiments in relation to the 'Sabbath of the Lord our God,' have undergone an important change; to which I now wish to call your attention. Our Confession of Faith, Catechisms, and Testimony, all teach that the first day of the week is, and has been ever since the resurrection of Christ, the Christian Sabbath. This doctrine *alone*, of all those contained in our Standards, though I did believe it till lately, I can no longer receive. As to the *manner* of sanctifying the Sabbath, I believe all that you and I have always contended for; but, for the present, I am constrained to believe, that the seventh day of the week is the only weekly Sabbath that God has ever appointed."

We are not disposed to enlist our sympathies on the side of Mr. Morton, or to discuss the question which he has propounded, believing that little good could be gained by such a controversy. We are very well satisfied with the day which Christendom has for ages acknowledged to be the Christian Sabbath, and consecrated as such.

The texts which he cites to prove that it was the "*seventh day*" on which God rested, and which He commanded to be kept sacred, and the illustrious example of Adam, Enoch, Noah, Moses, &c., which he claims to follow in his new views, might lead to an inquiry or two.

Shall people who gather sticks on the seventh day be stoned to death, according to the example of Moses? Shall we kindle no fires on this day, on pain of death? This is the law under which Mr. Morton professes now to act in his new faith, and appeals to his brethren in the following language:

"I searched all the books I could find, bearing on this question, and discovered, what I had never noticed before, that the early French and Genevan Reformers, with Calvin at their head, had taught the abrogation of the fourth commandment, as a ceremonial institution; and that they contended for a Sabbath, or stated day of worship, under the Gospel, only as a wise and necessary human arrangement. I found that even Turretin, at a later period, had taught that the fourth commandment is partly ceremonial, and that it was necessary to change the Sabbath from the seventh day, in order to put a difference between Jews and Christians. I found also in my books, quotations, contain-

ing similar sentiments, from the celebrated Augsburg Confession. The only authors I could find, who had attempted to prove, from the Scriptures, that the Sabbath has been changed from the seventh to the first day of the week, by divine authority, were, Turretin, and the framers of our Standards. These authors appeared to depend *mainly* for proof upon three texts of Scripture. Acts 20: 7; 1 Cor. 16: 1, 2; and Rev. 1: 10. When I came to examine these texts, I was surprised and mortified, to find that they contain neither the word 'Sabbath,' nor any other synonymous with it. True, I had always thought that the 'Lord's day,' Rev. 1: 10, was the first day of the week; but my opponents contended that the terms refer more properly to the seventh, which God styles 'my holy day,' Isa. 58: 13; and when I remembered 'his challenging a special property in the seventh,' I could not well deny it. Moreover, I could not find a single passage asserting that the first is holier than any other day of the week, or that Christians were, in the apostles' days, in the habit of holding religious meetings *regularly* on that day. Neither could I discover that Christ or his apostles had ever spoken, directly or indirectly, of keeping a day holy in honor of his resurrection; nor that that event, which is always held up as the occasion of the change of the Sabbath, is even once mentioned in connection with the first day, unless where it is recorded as a historical fact. On the other hand, I observed that Christ and his apostles *were accustomed* to enter into the synagogue on the seventh day or Sabbath, for public worship. Luke 4: 16; Acts 17: 2, and elsewhere."

Mr. Morton's argument here also goes against the usual form of religious worship, and against having any Sabbath at all. He would seem to intimate because the word "Sabbath" is not found in the passages quoted, there is no reason why public worship should be observed. He will be at as great a loss to find the words "missionary," "anxious seats," "sermon," "revival," &c. Where is the command that people shall assemble on the seventh, or any other day, to hear a sermon read, or preached extempore, to listen to an eloquent prayer, and sing a few hymns? Can it be found in all the Bible? What if custom and expediency have sanctioned the keeping of the first day for religious exercises? Is it not as good as any other day for that purpose? Can men not be as devout, and contrite, and pious on this day as on the seventh? We shall expect to hear soon that Mr. Morton means to be consistent and keep the whole law, and that he will bring into practice the rite of circumcision, and abolish baptism. We recommend that in his search on this question in the law and the books of Moses, he inquire whether the doctrines of total depravity, the Trinity, and endless misery are taught there. In his next circular perhaps he may announce to the world that another law is discovered in the church "standards" to which he professes so much attachment, and in which he is "entirely satisfied."

B. B. H.

PEACE CONGRESS IN PARIS.

We have only room to give, this week, a passing notice of the late meeting of this august body in Paris, last month. A large number of delegates were present from France, Great Britain, America, and some other nations. M. Victor Hugo acted as President of the meeting, assisted by several Vice Presidents. The sessions were most harmonious and fraternal, as all public gatherings should be, and a very favorable impression was left upon the public mind, of the *possibility* and vast importance of the measures proposed.

We find in "The Bond" of the Saturday previous to the meeting, that is, of Aug. 18, the following subjects proposed by a Committee for action. After acting upon the report made upon the proposition of the Anglo-American Societies, that "The appeal to arms to settle international disputes is a usage condemned alike by religion, reason, justice, humanity, and the interest of the people"—the following resolutions, proposed by the Committee, were to be discussed: "The settle-

ment of disputes between nations by arbitration; the convocation of a Congress of Nations, at some future time, directed to prepare a code of international revenues; the necessity of a general progression, and united disarmament; the removal of the causes of war, by a series of political and economical measures, such as opening means of communication, the extension of the postal reform, the reduction of public expenses, the universal reform of tariffs, the multiplication of Peace Societies, the progress of moral education and general instruction, uniformity of currency, measures," &c.

The doings of the Congress were brought to a close on the 24th, with a general eclat of good feeling, and Paris was happier and gayer than on any of the days of June. Great good must result from these general assemblies of the leading men of different nations. Their doings will tell favorably upon the condition of society in future times. It is time nations professing Christianity should "beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks, and study war no more." But such will never be, till princes have relaxed their false pretensions, and republican liberty, the inherent right of all men, is acknowledged in every form of Government. Universal peace will follow the prevalence of universal love. *Partialism* in systems of religion and forms of government, has fearful accounts to settle for the wrongs done to mankind. As the immutable, universal, and true prevail, the evils of error, the sins of selfishness, will be removed, and humanity be delivered from its long thralldom, and come into the liberty of the children of God. God speed the work.

W. S. B.

THE ART UNION.

We took a look at the pictures in the galleries of the Art Union the other day, and must say we were truly delighted. A new hall has been added to the former by which more pictures can be displayed, and at better advantage than formerly. It is certainly an exhibition of no ordinary merit. It surpasses, in our estimation, everything of the kind ever seen before in this city. There are many pieces of a good deal of merit, which argue favorably, both for the taste and talent of our countrymen. And it does not compare unfavorably with many of the galleries of modern painting in Europe. Of course, it is not to be mentioned with the works of the "Old Masters," not to be thought of in connection with the galleries of Berlin, Dresden, Vienna, Florence, Venice, Naples, Rome, the Louvre, Versailles, or London; because they have *Royal* claims, and what can simple Republicans accomplish in their eyes?

Soberly, aside from some of the great works of the Masters of the art, we claim for these a fair rank as works of superior merit. And certainly more skill has been shown in the fitting up of the halls for the exhibition than we saw in any palace in Europe; for there the paintings are generally hung around small rooms, into which the light is admitted by common side windows, the effect of which varies with the change of day, and is often intolerably bad.

Looking through our galleries, we certainly *begin* to feel proud of American talent. If we were to hazard a *critique* on these works, we would say, they are little too much after the French School, aping the old Flemish; dealing too freely in gay colors, too light and brilliant. Perhaps this better exhibits the *spirit of our age*, for we are less sombre in our notions and feelings than they were in old Catholic and Feudal days. Still nature is the same in all ages, and should speak truly from the canvass, to shame the errors and follies of the world.

Go to the Art Union, buy a ticket, and draw a picture—if you can.

W. S. B.

RECEPTION OF A BISHOP.

We cut the following from the "Freeman's Journal." It is Bishop Van De Welde's own account of his reception at Kaskaskia, Ill., with which he seems to have been greatly delighted. Really we did not expect to see *such a mark* of respect paid by the military to the Ecclesiastical powers. We once saw the military in Rome bow the *knee* as the Pope and his Cardinals passed from the celebration of the "fete of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin," and thought it beggarly enough, though they did it by command as to their temporal Prince; but we had not expected, in one year, to hear that a "*troop of cavalry*" of American Republicans, had "voluntarily dismounted and thrown themselves on their knees to receive the blessing of their Bishop." A little too much of *man-worship* for Democratic Republicans.

"On the following day I set out for Kaskaskia, only 14 miles distant from the village of Prairie du Rocher. A number of horsemen, among whom I recognised some old acquaintances, had come out about half way to meet me, and our approach to the ancient town was announced by the report of an old cannon, which, having done much mischief on a fourth of July celebration, had been consigned to obscurity, but was on this occasion again brought to light for the purpose of adding solemnity to the *joyeuse entree*. The Kaskaskians deserve much credit for their attachment to the Catholic faith.

"Much praise is due to the Rev. Mr. Perrin for the fine order which he has established in the congregation, and the good which he has done among both Catholics and Protestants. After having assisted at vespers, I returned to Prairie du Rocher, escorted by a troop of cavalry, who, on parting, dismounted and threw themselves on their knees to receive the blessing of their Bishop."

MORNINGS AMONG THE JESUITS AT ROME: Being Notes of Conversations held with certain Jesuits on the subject of Religion in the City of Rome. By the Rev. M. Hobart Seymour, M. A. Harper & Brothers, 82 Cliff-street.

From the introduction to this book we are made acquainted with the circumstances which introduced the author to the acquaintance of the Jesuits. While residing in Rome he attended so constantly upon the services of the Church that he was observed by a Roman gentleman who, supposing him to be among that class of English clergy who are rapidly approximating to Romanism, introduced him to the acquaintance of some of the professors in the Jesuit College, who took especial pains to instruct him in the principles and pretensions of the papal Church, hoping to convert him from his heresies to the true faith. He managed to keep up a sort of inquiry without undeceiving them, by which he drew out a full expression of their views in a somewhat confidential manner. The book before us is a narrative of those conversations, containing the arguments on both sides. It contains much valuable information; the more so, to us, inasmuch as it imparts a somewhat distinct declaration of the claims of both Churches, the Anglican and Roman, to be regarded THE Church of Christ, as well as the intermediate or Puseyite portion, who assert all the pretensions of Catholic clergy without as yet submitting to the authority of the Pope or his Cardinals. Dissenters will be doubly interested in the perusal of this work, for it lets us into the claims of *succession* as well as infallibility, and marks what distinction there really is between the two.

We regret to learn that Br. C. F. LeFevre is so unwell that he has been obliged to resign his pastoral charge of the Universalist Society at Milwaukee, Wisconsin. His complaint is Dyspepsia, one to which we never thought him liable. We earnestly desire his speedy recovery.

UNIVERSALIST BOOKS IN UTICA.

E. S. Barnum and Son, at the Utica Bazaar, keep constantly on hand, and for sale, at the New York and Boston prices, the following Books, viz:—Campbell and Skinner's Discussion; Ancient and Modern Histories of Universalism; Skinner's Letters to Aikin and Lansing; Memoir of Rev. J. Freeman; Memoir of Rev. S. W. Fuller; Streeter's Hymns, plain and gilt; Ames' Mnemosynum; Austin's Voice to Youth; do. to the Married; Collection of Valuables; Everett and Breckenridge's Discussion; Chapin's Duties of Young Men; Letters to Dr. Joel Hawes, by H. Ballou, 2d.; Ballou's Nine Sermons; Treatise on the Atonement; Notes on the Parables; Lecture Sermons; Select Sermons; Ellen Clifford; Universalism against Partialism; Christianity against Infidelity; Shanty, the Blacksmith; Tales and Poetry; Practical Hints to Universalists; Hymns of Zion; Week-day Religion; Poetry of Woman; Canfield's Review of Hawes; Christian Visitant, three volumes; Conventional Sermons; Bacon on Religion; Fenelon on Education; Chapin's Discourses; Eternal Hell Torments overthrown; Riches without Wings; Juvenile Companion; Layman's Legacy; Balfour's Letters to Hudson; Balfour's 2d Inquiry; Balfour's Essays; Skinner's Sermons; Loveland's Greek Lexicon; Petit Pierre on Divine Goodness; Life of Murray; Universalist's Book of Reference; Universalist Guide; Roger's Memoranda; Roger's Pro and Con of Universalism; Whittemore on the Parables; Law of Kindness; Chapin's Duties of Young women; Williamson's Argument for Christianity; do. on Endless Punishment; Ely and Thomas' Discussion; Ballou on Future Retribution; Universalist's Assistant; The Preacher; Juvenile Library; Duties of Parents; Paige's Questions; Balch's S. S. Manual; Thayer's Bible Class Assistant; Austin and Holmes' Discussion: and a variety of other books and pamphlets relating to Universalism too numerous to name.

CLINTON LIBERAL INSTITUTE.

I gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following collections taken up for the benefit of the Clinton Liberal Institute:

From the Universalist Society of Rushford, Alleghany Co.	\$10 00
From the Universalist Society of North Salem, Westchester Co.	\$28 00
Clinton Sept. 28, 1849.	T. J. SAWYER.

ERRATUM.—In my former acknowledgement I wrote "From 'C.' Brooklyn \$3," which was printed "From the Congregation of Brooklyn. It is due, both to our anonymous friend, "C." and to the Universalist Society of Brooklyn, that this error should be publicly corrected.

T. J. S.

UNIVERSALIST SOCIETY, BROOKLYN.

The Congregation has resumed public worship in the Lyceum, corner of Concord and Washington streets. They will continue to meet in the same place till the Session Room of the new Church on Monroe Place is finished.

ERRATA.—In the article from H. L. last week in review of the Evangelist 8th paragraph, 3d line, the words "merciful justice," should be unmerciful justice. In the 11th paragraph, after the sentence "Justice inflicts all the punishment required" &c., "Here" should be "Then." In article, "To Correspondents," for "doubt of distrust," read "cloud of distrust."

Be tranquil as to what comes from without; just as concerns thy sentiments within; in a word, think and live in unison with nature and the common good.

Miscellaneous Department.

Original.

SONG.

BY LAURA EGGLESTON.

On life's arid track, so dreary,
Is there no oasis bright,
Where sad mortals, frail and weary,
May regale in beams of light?

O'er life's pages, sadly blotted,
Is there no fair-written line
With the gems of Friendship dotted,
From the urn of Truth divine?

Where the darker shades are hiding
Nature's lovely sheen, behold!
Brilliant, from the clouds, are gliding
Sunbeams tipped with liquid gold!

Earth hath fountains, pure and ringing;
Sunny flowers, and landscapes green;
Million things delightful, bringing
To the spirit, joy and sheen.

Kind tones fall—by true lips spoken—
On the heart that pity craves,
As soft moonlight on yon ocean,
Scintillating its dark waves!

Sweet smiles, from our loved ones beaming,
That are clustering round the hearth,
Are so pleasant, we are deeming
There are "sunny spots" on earth.

And we deem ourselves auspicious,
Blessed with Revelation's light;
Trusting Mercy's star propitious
Will illumine the darkest night!

German, N. Y.

Original.

IT IS HOME.

BY MISS. JOSEPHINE GALLUP.

Look at yonder small cottage and say, is there aught inviting to a stranger's eye? Is there aught worthy of note, within those unshuttered windows, through which the sun peeps on the bright summer's morn, as if in defiance of the neat cambric window-screen? Is there aught within those once whited walls, that speaks of pleasures?

There is certainly naught that tells of wealth. It is surrounded by no enclosed lawns, with gravelled walks, overspread with trees; no shady bowers over which the Ivy is taught to twine;—no gushing fountains with silvery spray, none of these present themselves to the view. But within are pleasures, which are far more dear to me than these.

Instead of the enclosed lawns give me the fields covered with waving grain, (the farmer's pride;) and instead of the vine-clad arbour or shady avenue, give me a seat beneath the tall Oak, (proud monarch of the forest,) which was planted by nature's own hand.

Mid scenes like these I have been wont to roam from childhood and far more dear are they now to me than any proud mansion, with all the luxuries that wealth can afford. Those favorite haunts, those fields of grain, those

shady forest-paths, are endeared to me by fond remembrances; but far more dear than all, is the farmer's simple cottage,—for it is my *Home*!

Hallowed place of my childhood, is home!
Oft in that dear remembered place I roam;
Mid verdant fields, or forests brightly grand,
And flowers and fruit, profuse on either hand.

Original.

EXTRACT FROM A LECTURE ON TEMPERANCE.

BY JAMES G. MC ADAM.

Some answer, I could do but little if I tried my best, and it is useless to call upon me to act in this matter. Who is it that answers so? There are none beneath the range of influence, there are none so weak whose motion in the dark waters of death will not create a widening circle of good, which will radiate from himself, far beyond the boundary of expectation. The two Jewish Marys, who in the time of our Savior attended to him in his silent and secluded hours, and who sought to anoint his body, when, as they supposed it lay enshrouded in the tomb, had the same idea, that they could do nothing to benefit the great cause which Christ came to accomplish, but when they did what they could do, with kind and affectionate hearts, see how much it was.

How many Marys since their time, have had their faith and hope strengthened, have had their zeal increased by looking at their conduct, and how many now, look upon Christ with a more burning and fervid devotion than they otherwise would, through the medium of their beautifully christian conduct. The acts of their lives are recorded, not only for the purpose of doing justice to those early and devoted christians, but that their example may be imitated as near as may be, in all time to come.

Surely, there are none who can do less than the poor widow who threw in her mite into the treasury of the Lord. She threw it in silently and as she thought unobservedly, for she thought in her heart, I can do so little, no one shall see what I do. But there was one kind Eye that saw her action, and that simple fact has been placed on the records of immortality; not as you must observe, for the purpose of extending the name and fame of the poor widow; her name is not given. It was embalmed by the approval of our Savior with the undying odors of heaven, to teach you and me, how much consideration is paid to the feeblest efforts in the cause of goodness, when they proceed from right hearts. You say, that mite of the widow did not do much good after all, but you are mistaken; that mite and the influence of that widow's devotion to the cause she loved, has caused many a hand to open in charity and benevolence, which otherwise would have remained fast closed against all importunity. Who can look back upon the past of their history, without remembering the time, when these incidents in sacred story caused their own hearts to feel more softened and kind, and willing to do, than when they shut their mind's eye upon their beautiful simplicity.

It is not the rich and the learned, it is not the powerful and the mighty, that do good; no, it is the humble, the sweet tempered, the cheery minded, the ever hopeful. These are they that blot out the stains, and remove the curse of the world, when the others aiming at some great achievement, do nothing. You know that the moon shines bright and beautiful, that her light is only borrowed, while the little stars that garnish the heavens with so much beauty emit a radiance of their own. They not merely beautify our heavens with a mild and modest light, but away off in their own separate orbits, they become and are suns and moons to other systems, thereby lighting up the whole Universe of God. So dear friends,

while we may not be as suns or moons in our day and generation, yet we may garnish the heaven of this great cause like the stars which gem the brow of night, and in our own spheres we may be enabled to give light to others, clear as the moon and bright as the god of day.

FIVE HUNDRED SLEEPERS WANTED!

As the Rail cars, in which I was a passenger, stopped for a moment at a station, I saw the above in staring capitals. Then followed a description, somewhat minute, of the kind of article, as to the species of wood, its size, the amount of seasoning, &c.

I fell to musing as the cars rolled on. Five hundred sleepers wanted! And as I mused, I fell to wondering whether I could not meet such a proposal. I could not make out that I could meet the exact terms of the description. Perhaps the proposer could dispense with their being all of oak; perhaps cedar might give way; perhaps the sleepers need not be all of hemlock. The steam being up, my thoughts ran on; perhaps the sleepers need not be of wood at all. I have seen first rate sleepers that never grew in a forest, nor were ever dug out of a mine.

Would not the proposer like them if they were of flesh and blood. Would he not take sleepers that were alive! I have certainly seen sound and well-seasoned sleepers of this kind; sleepers that could endure jars and shocks of almost all kinds, and not get waked up. Pray what better sleepers than such ones could a man want!

He wants five hundred. It is rather a heavy contract but I thought the sleepers might be found. I knew that my clerical brethren had not much to do with worldly contracts of any very great importance. Yet I thought I would see if they could not take some share in this. I did not suppose any one man could furnish the whole lot, and I applied therefore to several.

Rev. Mr. A. B., said he was at my service in this matter. He had not a very large number in his congregation; but he had some, and he could turn them out against any that could be produced from any quarter. They certainly were well seasoned, for he knew of their sleeping an hour or two Sabbath morning later than any other morning, and moreover, that the memory of none of their acquaintance ran to the contrary of their being good sleepers in church; and therefore if they were not well seasoned, he did not know the meaning of the term. He could furnish me with a baker's dozen or so.

Rev. Dr. C. could give me a great lift in the matter, as I had expected. He was rotund and portly. None of the lean kind was he. There never came down a D. D. upon a more inviting specimen of specific gravity; which gravity gave him a little touch of the soporific, so that he was said to be a good sleeper himself; and I was not surprised when he informed me that he could turn out a goodly number to begin with; and he cheered me with the assurance that, if I got into a pinch in filling out my number, I might come back to him, and not fear a failure in the contract.

Rev. Mr. D. had a few. What he wanted in number, however, was made up in soundness. He had the most satisfactory proof of this. His sleepers dropped into a slumber very soon after reaching their seats, and they slept on through singing, prayer and sermon. They sometimes got a bite of the benediction, but they sometimes overslept that even. He never knew them waked up during service but once, and that was when the massive pulpit Bible one day got too much of a cant pew-ward, and came down with a crash that made the sanctuary tremble. He thought such sleepers were sound, and I could have them.

In quest of a few more sleepers, I applied to the Rev.

Mr. E. He is one of those preachers who flame and blaze with great intensity, in the pulpit. His missiles go hissing hot in all directions. His preaching is very uncomfortable to all sorts of evil-doers; and he comes down upon the sleepers especially, with terrific power. I did not expect he would be able to help me to fulfil my contract, but upon some consideration he came to the conclusion, that there were one or two who had been able, after having been scared with dreams, often and often terrified with visions, to get short naps. They could not be recommended as sound sleepers, for in terror of the preacher, this was out of the question; but such as they were, I was welcome to them. It was no fault of his he said, that I had knocked at the wrong door, and been sent utterly empty away.

I also applied to several other clerical gentlemen. They all had more or less sleepers to spare. Of some they could speak with great confidence as to their soundness, having applied all sorts of tests to ascertain their quality; and years had given them the opportunity of knowing they were experienced and well seasoned sleepers.

Of other sleepers they had to speak more doubtfully. They could not warrant them. They might nap it through a whole sermon, and they might not. They would sometimes go through an entire religious service, and not nod in a single instance. And, under certain preachers, it was ascertained that their eye-lids had no special intimacy with each other. And then again there was a soundness in their slumbers that would recommend them to any person in pursuit of sleepers. So they were not to be depended upon. However, I had to take a lot of this kind to make out my number.

Five hundred sleepers wanted! Who wants them? I can furnish them, as the above statements show. But who wants such sleepers? The preachers do not want them. I could not find one that had pleasure in such an article. They are a poor article to dispose of any way. The best that can be done is to waken them up so thoroughly, that they shall not be the sleepers we have been describing any more. Verily, I should like to do that same thing; and if I could, I should expect all my brethren to give a most rapturous Amen!—[N. Y. Observer.

Youth's Department.

JAMES LUMBARD, EDITOR.

Original.

DREAMS.

Bright Dream of delusion, thrice welcome, although
Thy raptures exquisite with waking depart,
Thy creatures but phantoms, thy loves but the flow
Of fancy's pure images peopling the heart.

Sweet Vision of beauty, so potent to bring
Each bosom delight from the mist-mantled past,
Thy fairy-like pleasures inspire us to sing
E're away from the spirit thy glances are cast.

Soft Trance of the senses, within thy domain,
What bliss is bestowed on the fetterless mind,
As it yields to thy mandate, and drinks in the strain
That is poured from thy shell on the rose-scented wind.

Free Hight of the spirit, conduct us away
To the saintly retreats of some sanctified shore,
Where the soul may glide on like a sunbeam astray,
Through regions where seraphs might dwell and adore.

Green Garden of Fancy, thy fruitage and bloom.

Bring a cheer and a freshness which pass not away,
In thy love-lighted bowers lurks no shadowy gloom,
And thy violet walks hide no moss-strewn decay.

Sure proof of a soul that is deathless and fearless,
Light the mystical way that the heart shall direct,
Go to Palestine, such as she was, when the Peerless
And perfect One walked amid scorn and neglect.

To Greece as she was, when her famed groves and vallies;
With eloquence charmed, told the world their glad story;
When high hopes of freedom fired rulers and allies,
And Byron was wreathing his lyre with her glory.

To Britain, as she shall be when her last king
Shall have slept in the grave of his ancestors long,
When want shall have taken with oppression, the wing,
Leaving liberty's boast for the laborer's song.

And there are sad visions, sleep-watching Magician,
To view in the bush of the midnight's repose;
There's Petrarch's retirement, and Tasso's lone prison.
And the visiting angels who hallowed their woes.

And others still dearer, though nameless and lowly,
The graves where the saints and the martyrs were piled
A record there placed e'en in dreams should be holy,
There flowers thus planted should bloom undefiled.

There are scenes 'mong the Alps that would charm the,
beholder,
And those where the waves of the Rhine brightly glide,
Where Italy's vines gleam 'mid the vales that enfold her;
To these fair retreats wilt thou conduct us, sweet guide

Dream, Vision, Trance, Eden or Travel-Magnetic,
Whatever thy-names, themes, directions or times,
All seasons, all minds own thy influence magnetic,
Our bliss takes thy coloring, our music thy chimes.

Are any so blest as invoke not thy guerdon?
So weak as with bodings thy objects to bind?
These only are free from night's dreariest burden,
These "catch at a shadow and follow the wind."
Smithville Flatts, N. Y. M. E. P.

Original.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CAMBRIC NEEDLE.

BY MISS JOSEPHINE GALLUP.

My existence first dawned in a workshop, where I was put into a machine and drawn into fine wire, and from this to another where my point was sharpened and my tiny eye was made. I was then polished with emery, after which I was ready to take my journey into the world.

I was purchased by a traveling peddler and was placed with many of my companions, in his little tin trunk, amidst a variety of threads, scissors, pins, &c. Here I continued for many a long day, until I began to despair of ever seeing the outside of my prison.

At length, one day, when I had been counting to myself the many tiresome hours I had spent there, the huge door of my prison was opened and I heard the voice of a female, saying, "have you cambric needles?" "Yes;" was the reply, and I with my companions was placed before her. We were purchased and I exchanged my prison for a snug little corner in her spool-stand, where I could hear persons conversing in the room and often catch a peep at the face of the young lady, that had so

kindly released me from my dungeon, as she bent over the drawer in which I lay.

I had been sometime in my new situation, when one day I heard a voice, which I had not heard before, exclaiming, "The bridal dress! is it not?" My mistress nodded her head in assent. After asking if she was to sew on it, a young female inquired for a needle, when my mistress drew us forth and I was chosen from the number. What! I to work on the bridal dress? no I could not, and I shrunk from her presence and fell among the folds of her dress, but I was again found, and knowing that resistance would be vain, I thought I would do as well as I could; only playing a little roguery now and then, by pricking her fingers, to cheer my spirits.

She put the thread through my eye and commenced sewing very diligently on the white satin skirt. I had worked very hard for some time and had become tired and thought I would like a rest. So releasing myself from the thread, I fell to the floor; when such a moving of chairs and shaking of cloth, was never seen, as followed. Work was all laid aside and all were searching for me, but I succeeded for a long time in keeping close to the carpet out of sight. But suddenly the bride elect cried, "there it is!" and caught me up with joy; I was then restored to my former employer and renewed my labor, ever and anon, amusing myself with pricking her fingers or releasing the thread from my eye, until at length she became vexed with me and said she would not use me any more, unless I behaved better. So fearing, lest I should again be placed in the drawer I vexed her no more and worked steadily until the dress was done. I was then placed on the top of the stand, where I enjoyed myself very much in watching all that was going on around me.

The bridal day at length arrived, but unluckily for me my place was not in the parlor and thus I had the misfortune not to be one of the happy number who witnessed the ceremony. Nothing worth recording happened for many days, but I still occupied my situation on the top of the stand. However, unfortunately for me, one day the maid, wishing to sew some finery for herself, took possession of me, by whom I was shamefully used. At last I was so bent, that to use me was impossible and I was thrown out of the window into the street where I now lay, deploring the misfortune of my short life.

I have succeeded in getting a scrap of paper, from my friend Mr. Darning Needle, who has promised to take me to some of the large houses which I have often seen and wished myself beneath their roof; and it is on this promise of my friend, that I rely. So reader be not surprised, should you find a small, crooked cambric needle in your possession at some future day.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.—How few the women who are disposed to turn to good account the influence they may acquire over man. Indeed, most women are incapable of doing so. Furnished by nature with no sympathies for man's higher aspirations, they relax at purposes they cannot comprehend, and whose pursuit competes with their affection; and thus as the bracelets of the Sabines slew Tarpeia, the love that should have adorned, crushes him. Then of the few who naturally respond to man's loftier aims, most are too timid to encourage them. They conceive their soft dominion is put in jeopardy by the admission to his heart of such formidable competitors as ambitions general benevolence, or the like. They do not understand that lofty desires and a life of earnest action are the best allies of love. As the heart becomes nobler, its love becomes nobler also; deeply and truly it cannot love unless it aspires too. Thus most women fail of their mission. They regard the love they awaken as an end; they should look upon it as a means to make a nobler being.

CHANGES.

Address Brs. H. P. Osgood, New Gloucester, Me., E. W. Loveland, Weston, Vt., J. Fisher, Hartland, Vt., S. C. Loveland, Shrewsbury, Vt., C. P. West Hendersonville, Knox Co., Ill., D. B. Turney, Oxford, Ohio, N. Goldsmith, Exeter, N. H.

CONVENTION NOTICES, &c.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCHES IN NEW YORK
AND VICINITY.

ORCHARD-STREET CHURCH.—Orchard, above Broome; services 10 1-2 A. M., and 3 P. M. Conference Meetings Friday evenings. Rev. C. H. Fay, Pastor. Residence 231 East Broadway.

BLEECKER-STREET CHURCH.—Bleecker, corner of Downing. Services 10 1-2 A. M., and 7 1-2 P. M. Conference Meetings, Tuesday evenings. Rev. W. S. Balch, Pastor. Residence 728 Greenwich-st.

MURRAY-STREET CHURCH.—Murray, corner of Church. Services 10 1-2 A. M., and 7 1-2 P. M. Rev. E. H. Chapin, Pastor. Residence, 13 Murray-st.

FOURTH-STREET CHURCH.—Fourth-st., between Avenues B. & C. Services 3 1-2, and 7 1-2 P. M. Conference Meetings, Wednesday Evenings. No Pastor at present.

WILLIAMSBURGH.—Church corner of Fourth and South Fourth-streets. Services 10 1-2 A. M., and 7 1-2 P. M. Conference Meetings Thursday evenings. No settled Pastor.

BROOKLYN.—Services 10 1-2 A. M., and 7 1-2 P. M., in the Lyceum, corner of Concord and Washington-streets. New Church building in Munroe Place. Conference Meetings Wednesday evenings. Rev. T. B. Thayer, Pastor. Residence 9 Willoughby-street.

NOTICE.

The New York Universalist Missionary Society will hold its annual meeting in the Vestry of the Orchard-street Church on Monday evening next, October 8th, at 7 1-2 o'clock. Addresses may be expected from the Ministering brethren in the city and vicinity. All friends of our cause are earnestly invited to attend. Let there be a large gathering on this interesting occasion.

H. LYON, Secretary.

NOTICE.

The New York Universalist Sabbath School Conference will meet in annual session at Monticello, Sullivan Co., on Wednesday, Oct. 24th. Each Universalist Sabbath School within the limits of the New York Association, is entitled to send five delegates to the Conference. It is earnestly requested that each school may be fully represented on that occasion. At the last session of this body, Br. Davis Collamore was appointed to deliver the Annual Address. All interested in the advancement of the Sabbath School cause are cordially invited to attend.

J. VREELAND MOORE, Secretary.

BUSINESS ITEMS.

Br. Tompkins, credit Alanson Pitcher, this city, \$2 00 for Repository, and charge this office.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Br. Balch's Second Lecture on "Eternal Hell and Bridgeless Gulf," in reply to Rev. Mr. Schemerhorn, will be given to-morrow evening.

Br. C. H. Fay will preach, by request, from 1 Peter, iv. 18, next Sabbath afternoon.

Br. W. H. Rider will preach at Williamsburgh to-morrow.

Br. H. Lyon, will preach at the Blazing Star School House, near Br. D. Tappan's residence, N. J., the second Sunday in October, in the morning, and in the afternoon and evening, as Br. Tappan may arrange.

Br. H. Lyon will preach at Westport, Ct., the 3d Sunday in

October, and lecture in the Town House at Norwalk in the evening, at 7 o'clock.

There will be preaching in Blaauveltville, Sunday, Oct. 7th, to-morrow, in the morning and afternoon.

MARRIAGES.

In New London, Conn., Sept. 13th, by Rev James W Dennis, Mr. Samuel H. Edwards, of Portland, Conn., to Miss Harriet Marshal of East Haddam.

In Monticello, Sept. 12th, by Rev. O. Whiston, Mr. Grandison Raymond, to Miss Cecelia Hall, both of Liberty.

In Mamerville, on 17th inst. by Rev. L. Rice, Mr. Loran M. Graves, to Miss Almada M. Brown.

DEATHS.

In Mannsville, on the 13th inst., Mrs. Maria H., wife of J. W. Persons, Esq., aged 39 years. It has never fallen to our lot to record the death of one where there was more manifest resignation. When satisfied that she could live but a short time, she made all the arrangements for her funeral, with as much composure as she would any ordinary affair of life. She bade her friends, who were standing around her dying bed, weep not for her, as she was going to a better home, where in a short time she should meet them all again. She spoke of her affectionate companion, whom she must leave, but said she had no desire to change the will of Providence. Her funeral was attended by Br. Morse, assisted in the services by Br. Waite and the writer, on the 15th, in the Presbyterian church at Washingtonville.

L. RICE.

In Canajoharie, Sept. 22, Miss Minerva Davis, aged 24 years. Her illness was long and painful, but she died at last as one going to sleep. Her faith was as bright as the rainbow. She longed to depart, and be with Christ. She was one of the excellent of the earth, and universally beloved. She has left a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn her loss. The friends of our cause in this place are few, but true and tried. They could but ill afford to lose such a member out of their little circle, as was Sister Davis. But God's will be done; it is for the best.

J. B. S.

In New London, Conn., on the 17th, Br Joshua Hamilton, aged 54 years, of disease of the heart. Br Hamilton was universally esteemed and beloved. He was stricken down suddenly, in the midst of health, prosperity, and usefulness. His first attack was about twelve weeks ago, since which time he has suffered greatly. But through it all he has exhibited the most perfect resignation; and his death affords another instance of the sustaining power of the faith we cherish. May the great Father bestow peace and consolation upon the mourners in this their bereavement.

J. W. D.

New-York Cattle Market...Monday, Sept. 24.

At market, 2,000 Beef Cattle, (all Southern,) 60 Cows and Calves, and 6,000 Sheep and Lambs.

BEEF CATTLE.—The supplies this week were greater than we have known for several months past. However, in the face of an active demand, the prices keep well up. Sales at \$5 50 to \$8 per 100 lbs. About 200 left over. A lot of 100 head was driven to Boston.

COWS AND CALVES.—Sold at \$20 to \$36 a 42 50. All sold

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Sheep sell at from \$2 75 to \$5 50, as in quality. Lambs at from \$1 25, \$2, to \$3 50. Left over 300.

NEW-YORK MARKET—WHOLESALE PRICES.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

PROVISIONS.

Flour, per bbl.,	\$5 50a5 87	Beef, mess, per. bbl.	\$11 75a12 50
Wheat, Genesee, bush.,	1 21	" Prime, "	9 50a—
" Western, "	70	Lard, per lb.,	dull
Indian Meal, per bbl.,	3 18a—	Cheese, "	6
Corn, round, per bush.,	62a64	Buter, Orange Co. dairy,	15
" mixed, "	55a59	" Western "	10
" New Orleans, "	60a61	" Ohio Common,	21
Rye, "	58a59	Salt, Turks' Island, bush.,	21
Oats, "	137a41	" L'pool grnd, sack,	102a105
Pork, Mess, per bbl.,	\$10 00	" fine, "	1 11a113
" Prime, "	8 50a9 00	Wool, pulled and fleece,	27

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hay, pressed, per 100 lbs.	40a50	Timothy Seed, tierce,	heavy.
Hops, per lb.,	4a8	Clover " per lb.,	dull.
Feathers, live American,	1 35 37	Flax, rough, in bulk, per	bushel,
Flax, per lb.,	8 10		no sales.